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SWEET MEMORIES.

BY FRANCES S. SMITH.

When winter hurls her bitter blast
Across the unprotected roof,
The traveler with heavy feet
Speeds on toward his cabin door;
But through the sharp-fanged, rattling air
May come his heart with icy rime,
It cannot from his memory tear
The sweet delights of summer-time.

So every memory borne of joy
Will live as long as life shall last;
No changes can the charm destroy—
"Tis proof 'gainst every arrow cast.
A backward view recalls the hours
That once our youthful pulses thrilled,
As aromatic summer flowers
Live in the scent from them distilled.

The memory of a childhood passed
Beneath a gentle mother's sway,
With love's sweet mantle o'er it cast,
Can never wholly pass away.
Whatever adult fate we earn,
What'er the censure or the praise—
Still will the fond heart sometimes turn
Back to those careless, happy days.

Then let us, as we journey on,
Endeavor some sad heart to cheer—
"Twill be an act to think upon
When ending our probation here—
A joy to know that after death
Has set the rest of us free,
There still lives in our mortal breath
Some fondly cherished memory."
—New York Weekly.

THE TWO STUDENTS.

BY ALBERT H. MODRICKE.

There is a saying that the angels
Keep watch over every slumberer. If
this is a fact, then the angels who
are guarding the sleep of two students must
be very patient.

Peacefully and deadlike they sleep in
one bed, and only their snoring inter-
rupts the silence. The sun looks upon
their faces, slowly it passes over their
heads and begins to sink low in the
horizon.

Finally one of the angels impatiently
arouses one of her proteges, who, rub-
bing his eyes, looks at the clock.

"The devil!" said he, "only half past
six and awake—not a trace of a 'sore
head.' Yes, it was excellent cham-
pagne! However, a lunch would be a
good prophylactic. Hello, 'Pawner,'
arise! It's time for you to visit the
laboratory."

Receiving no answer, he laughingly
repeated: "I'll arouse him, and pro-
curing a glass of water, said: 'I bap-
tize thee in this—'

This maneuver had the desired ef-
fect, for he suddenly awoke and ex-
claimed: "Stop! 'Samuel,' to the
rescue!"

At this cry the door opened, and a
plump woman with blushing cheeks
and folded arms entered, and approach-
ing the bed, said, a little irritated:

"Mr. Edward Ruller, how often have
I asked you to call me by my right
name? It's Ursula Lasca—for short,
Madame Lasca. Why do you give me
such an unchristian name which can't
even be found in this year's almanac?"

"But, 'Samuel,' listen: Notwith-
standing the fact that my name is Ed-
ward Ruller, I am nicknamed 'Pawner.'
Can you find such a name in the al-
manac?"

"There's a good cause for calling you
pawner," she replied. "I have boarded
dozens of students, all of whom were,
no doubt, heavy in debt, and yet, not
one of them were so much troubled by
the pawnbrokers as you, and that man
yonder, Mr. Killian. Why, four of
them called to-day, and if it were not
for that inscription on the door: 'Small-
Pox Here!' they would have entered
your room this forenoon."

"What! forenoon? Pray, what time
is it then?"

"Supper time."

"Ah! so, so—it is."

At that moment the door bell was
rung loudly.

"Another, broker—well, the small-
pox sign will frighten them perhaps, or,
at least, keep them from seeing you,"
said Madame Lasca, as she left the
room.

The two students heard a lively con-
versation for a few moments and then
the sounds of footsteps approaching to-
wards their room.

"I believe," said Ruller, "that our
remedy is not a safe cure for these
creditors. They may detect our
stratagem, out they must be fooled! Let
us feign sickness. Quick, under the
cover."

They had hardly covered themselves
when the door opened and two men
entered.

The taller of the two was dressed in
the height of fashion. He wore a full
beard and eye-glasses, and carried in
his hand a gold-headed cane. His

companion's face was embellished with
a light colored mustache only. He was
more plainly dressed, and undoubtedly
was his amanuensis, judging from his
hungry countenance.

"Woe unto us, it's the sheriff," whis-
pered Ruller to Killian, who com-
menced groaning as if in terrible
agony.

The two men posted themselves at a
good distance from the bed. The
taller showed some anxiety and his
scribe trembled like an aspen leaf.

Finally they seated themselves at a
table and the scribe taking out his ink
and paper commenced writing.

"They're invoicing—fortunately all is
pawned," lamented Killian to Ruller.

At length the eldest of the men com-
menced to question in a husky voice:

"Are the two sick gentlemen con-
scious?"

"Yes, sir," came the answer from under
the coverlet in a doubtful tone.

"Are you gentlemen afflicted with
small-pox?"

"Yes, sir, we are."

"What are your names?" he contin-
ued interrogatively.

"Edward Ruller—Ferdinand Killian,"
came the answer very feeble and almost
simultaneously.

"All right," said the doctor—for such
he was—"that's all," and then studying
for a few moments, he said to his aman-
uensis: "Now, Harry, please write
down as I dictate."

It was as follows:
"Having visited on Jan. 1, '88, the resi-
dence of Messrs. Edward Ruller, Cand.
Med., and Ferdinand Killian, Cand. Med.,
on No. 13 Andrews street, I found them to
be seriously afflicted with small-pox—vari-
ole confluent; and, owing to the danger-
ous contagiousness of this disease, I hereby
order the transportation of the said per-
sons to the City Small-pox Hospital."

"DR. QUILLIAN,
"President Board of Health."

By this time the groaning and la-
menting of the two students had
abated.

They were horrified and speechless
when the doctor at his departure said to
Madame Lasca:

"My amanuensis will at once order
an ambulance; and, wishing them a
speedy recovery, I bid you good day."

Killian, regaining his voice, said:

"Doctor, will you not come and
examine us, and see if we're really sick?"

But the doctor had hastily followed
his scribe, who had fled down the stairs.

For a short time all was silent. Sud-
denly both students simultaneously
jumped out from the bed, and with a
half-comical, half-despairing look gazed
at each other.

"Pawner, we must go to the hospi-
tal. Nothing can save us," said Kil-
lian.

"Of course we must," said "Pawner,"
"for if we contend to be well they won't
believe us; and if we resist they will
give us the straight-jacket."

"Well, then let's fly," said Killian,
adding: "It's certainly terrible to go
there."

"Fly, nothing," said "Pawner," "for
by the time we have finished our toilet
they will be here. But," he added,
hopefully, "they'll surely discharge us
when they discover we're not sick."

"But, 'Pawner,'" replied Killian, "if
we're in there once we'll have contracted
that disease."

Further conversation was cut short
by the entrance of Madame Lasca, who
said:

"Do you gentlemen now realize the
consequences of your tomfoolery? My
residence will be shunned after your
departure," adding: "Do you know
what will become of you?"

"Alas, yes!" said Ruller.

A ring at the bell was now heard and
Madame Lasca hastened to open the
door.

"They come," said Ruller; "but I'll
never be taken alive. I prefer to die
by violence than of small-pox."

So saying, he grasped a rapier and
posted himself in a corner of the room.
Seizing a sword Killian followed his
example, just as the door opened and
two policemen entered.

The officers observing the determined
men, said:

"In the name of the law no resist-
ance. Drop your weapons and follow us."

"No, we'll not go, for we're not sick,"
both replied, firmly.

"Then we will use force."

"You may try it! We prefer to die
here rather than to accompany you to
the small-pox hospital, where a hor-
rible death awaits us. No, sir, we will
not go!"

"But, gentlemen, the Debtor Prison is

quite a comfortable place to reside in.
It's nonsense to talk of death."

A person condemned to prison for
life could not have felt happier at
suddenly receiving a commutation of
his sentence to only ten days, as did
those two students, when they heard
the words: "Debtor Prison."

"We bow our knees before the law
and will accompany you," said Ruller,
bowing to the policeman.

Almost instantaneously with the words
two men entered, one of whom said:

"Are the sick men able to descend
the stairs without support, Mrs.
Lasca?"

"There are no sick persons here,"
replied Madame, folding her arms and
laughing.

The two policemen were utterly as-
tonished; but, finally, one of them
said:

"There must be a mistake some-
where. The two gentlemen are in ex-
cellent health and there is nobody sick
in this house to our knowledge."

"Perhaps somebody is sick in the
next house," said one of the hospital
officials, adding, "come, let us depart."

"And we'll depart, too," said Killian
to the policemen, aiming to escape the
hospital.

All descended to the street, and very
soon were the two students put in the
Debtor Prison.

Very seldom have prisoners greeted
their cells as did those two men, for
they felt sure that their kind parents
would not permit their long detention—
in fact, in a few days they were released,
and the press announced:

"The rumor of two cases of small-pox is
utterly false."
"DR. QUILLIAN,
"President Board of Health."

Preserve the Trees.

Ten years ago a single country-seat
stood upon the bank of a wide inlet of
the sea on the New Jersey coast.
Wooded hills shouldered each other
along the beach, from the sides of
which magnificent views of sea and land
opened to the horizon.

A few wealthy people with taste
bought this place, and built simple but
beautiful houses. Not a tree or a shrub
was disturbed; the first principle of
their art was to reverence nature.

In consequence the ground in this village
is sold now at almost fabulous prices,
so eager are the wealthy denizens of
New York and Philadelphia to find
something like primitive nature in which
to rest during the summer.

A few miles farther down the same
coast a little peninsula projects into the
sea. It was ten years ago covered with
heavy pine forests, with marshes
stretching, bronzed and crimson, in the
sun with great jungles of bay bushes,
gray with their waxen berries, through
which tiger-lilies flamed, and pink
morning-glories and white yarrow were
massed together. The spot was so
exquisite in its beauty that it was
haunted by artists every year.

But some of the owners of the land
became ambitious to give it "a boom."
They hoped to tempt city buyers by
making it a poor imitation of a city.

The trees were cut down; enormous
candy streets were run at right angles,
sunny marshes, tangles of flowers,
crooked and lovely lanes all were swept
away; hideous, cheap "Queen Anne"
cottages were ranged along the muddy
streets, street-cars were run, pool-rooms,
livery stables, and candy-shops were
opened. The last belated butterfly
flapped its wings over the "avenues,"
searching in vain for a shady nook, and
disappeared.

The "city" was finished, ready for the
people; but the people did not come.
They were tired of wide streets and
stately houses in winter, and why
should they come to this mean imita-
tion of them in summer? They went
on, like the butterfly, to find quiet and
shade with nature. The lots on this
place can now be bought for a nominal
sum.

Beauty is a rare possession; and com-
mands a high money value. It would
be wise, if but from the most sordid
motives, to preserve the repose of the
wilderness, the inimitable charm of
nature, which they are in such eager
haste to destroy. — Youth's Com-
panion.

ANCIENT fashions had long handles, so
that ladies used their fans for walking
sticks, and it was by no means unusual
for testy dames to chastise unruly chil-
dren by beating them with their fan
sticks.

The best man to disperse a crowd is
a pick-pocket.

PLEASANT PARAGRAPHS

[Called from our Exchange.]

A CASE for appeal—an orange.

DEER are not the bravest of animals
and yet they always die game.

THE Duke and Duchess of Connaught
are coming to visit us. Connaught
people raise any objection to this?

THE "woman's club" craze is giving
considerable currency to the question:
"Does your wife carry a night key?"

"WELL," said the rural visitor at New
York, "if that's Cleopatra's needle, I'd
like to see some of the stockings she
used to darn."

AMY—There's a hole in your stocking
as big as a dollar. Mabel—A gold dol-
lar or a silver dollar? Amy—No; a
paper dollar.

Mrs. JAYSMITH—What are you read-
ing, Lou? Miss Jaysmith—Pope's
poems, ma. Mrs. Jaysmith—Are they
the poems of the present pope or the
last?

WIFE—Why couldn't you have come
home at a decent time of night, say?
Husband—Could, m'dear, jes easy as
not; but I (his) was waitin' fer you to go
to sleep.

WHY, my dear, you had a party
last month. How often do you wish to
entertain your friends? "This is not
to entertain my friends but to snub my
enemies."

WIFE—If I put one stamp on this
letter, will it get to Philadelphia to-
morrow? Husband—Certainly. Wife
—And if I put two stamps on it, will it
get there to-day?

"I is—" began Tommy, when his
teacher interrupted him. "That is
wrong; you should say I am." "All
right," said Tommy. "I am the" ninth
letter of the alphabet."

BRONSON—What a heavy shower
it is raining cats and dogs! Amy—
(quizzically): What kind of dogs does
it rain, Mr. Bronson? Bronson—Sky
terriers, probably.

LITTLE JOHNNIE—Mr. Merritt and
sister have a new way to make lemon-
ade. Mrs. Brown—How did they do it?
Little Johnnie—Cora holds the lemon
and Mr. Merritt squeezes Cora.

SOMETIMES IT IS LATE—Editor (look-
ing at his watch)—The paper has not
gone to press yet! What is the mat-
ter? Foreman—The nihilists' daily
threat to the Czar hasn't come in yet.

GOSLIN—Hello, old man! how are
you? I haven't seen much of you lately.
Maddox—You have seen more of me
than I have of you. "How do you make
that out?" "Well, I'm much bigger
than you."

MATILDA SNOWBALL—I say, Uncle
Mose, what does yer think ob my new
spring suit? Uncle Mose—Folks what
puts on all de close dey kin git puts me
in mind of a sweet pertater patch dat's
all gone ter vine.

AT THE STATION—Dearest Laura
don't cry so! If everything else van-
ishes, we shall yet have left to us mem-
ory! "Ah, dearest Emma, then per-
haps you will remember that I lent you
five dollars two years ago!"

Ethel Reddy—Mamma, won't you
please ask Dr. Dorce to look at my lit-
tle sick ducklings? Mrs. Reddy—No,
no; run away! Dr. Dorce is not a bird
doctor. Ethel Reddy—Well, papa said
last night he was a quack doctor.

SMITH—Why is it that when an en-
gagement is broken off a return of pres-
ents is always asked for on both sides?
Jones—I'll tell you why. It is because
it is expected the presents will come in
handy when another engagement is
made.

WHEN you come to look at it properly
there is nothing strange in the fact that
no citizen of Chicago has ever been
converted to Mormonism. A man who
can't live with one wife six weeks at a
time naturally stands aghast at living
with fifteen or twenty.

A TRAVELER is about leaving a hotel.
"Well, landlord, here's a how-d'ye-do;
you go and charge me two dollars and a
half for a bed, when you know very well
that the house was so full I had to
sleep on the billiard table." "Well, sir,
please look at our rules posted up on
the wall there—'Use of billiard table 25
cents an hour.'"

MEN talk in raptures of youth and
beauty, wit and sprightliness; but after
seven years of union, not one of them
is to be compared to good family man-
agement, which is seen at every meal,
and felt every hour in the husband's
purse.

SIGHTS ON A STEAMER.

Human Nature Can Be So Well Studied

In No Other Place.

The deck of a big ocean steamer is a
capital place in which to study human
nature, writes Edith Sessions Tupper.
Your first thought on struggling
through the crowd is: "Great heavens!
are all these people going over?" But
you presently discover that to every one
who sails come seven to bid good-by.

The one who sails, if of the feminine
gender, is laden by huge bouquets.
She is talking to a half dozen people at
once, something after this fashion:
"Now be sure you write—Brown—
Shipley—London—inside stateroom—
portmanteau is below—where's the pas-
senger list? O! those horrid Lock-
woods! Are they going over? Do you
think he'll come down? He said he
would, but he's so busy. Look, Willie,
is that he? My vinaigrette! I've left
it in the bureau drawer. Where's that
bag of lemons? Yes, dear, I'll order
champagne for dinner—never fear—it's
such an excellent preventive for sea-
sickness. O, there's the bell! O dear!
how can I say good-by—O—O—boo—
hoo—boo—" and our girl is dissolved in
tears. We pick our way ashore with
some three or four hundred other idiots
who have come down to spend an hour
in the grilling sun to see the big ship
tremble into motion. You are sur-
prised when once you get ashore to see
the people who are not going over, but
who are dressed exactly as if they were,
in complete and orthodox tourist's
costume. There is the theatrical manager
who has come down to see the star off.
He fires an avalanche of shop-talk at
her as she bends her bleached hair and
reddened cheeks over the rail. There
is the pathetic, sad-eyed little wife of
the clergyman who is taking his bron-
chitis abroad instead of the partner of
his joys and sorrows—especially sor-
rows. There are the gray-haired par-
ents who have come to take the last
sight of their child—ah, the tears come
to your eyes as you see those in the
mother's and note the thin hand of the
father held against his ear to catch the
last word. Out on the pier now, where
the friends of the second cabin passen-
gers are huddled to see their dear ones
sail. Look up at that row of faces
turned longingly downward. See the
little old lady in the black poke bonnet
yonder. Sure, she's going back to
County Clare. Ah, but she'll find
things changed since Patrick died. A
swarthy Italian pushes his way through
the crowd and throws fierce kisses to
one who leans over the rail. A stout,
smiling young Irishman shouts up to
his friend: "Tell Annie I was askin'
for her," and then hangs his head
shamefacedly and blushes violently,
while a good-natured murmur of laugh-
ter runs through the crowd. The
Smart Alec calls down to his friend:
"If I don't like it in a couple of days,
I'll get out and walk back." And you
devoutly hope he will, and be drowned
in the attempt. Now an official, with a
porous, fiery nose, appears and savagely
orders everybody back. The sailors,
singing a monotonous strain, begin to
draw in the cables by which the ship is
bound. Then a few sharp orders from
the big, handsome captain up aloft, a
tremor runs through the great steamer,
and amid shouts of "Good-by," "God
bless you," and a waving of handker-
chiefs, she glides smoothly away from
the pier. You stand watching one
figure on the deck until it is only a
speck, and then, with a queer sensation
about your throat, you go back to the
crowded streets and to the house which
seems so strangely empty now.

Politics Furer Than His Breath, Probably.

On the platform of a street car one
day was a man who insisted on talking
politics, and to every one who got on
he said:

"My fren', what ish our first duty as
Americans? To purify politics, of
course."

By and by he bumped up against an
ice-cold passenger with a flinty eye,
and when he had propounded his usual
question he was answered with:

"Your first duty, sir, is to drop polit-
ics, change your shirt, get your hair
cut, and then eat limburger cheese to
change the style of your breath."

It was twenty minutes before the
patriot spoke again, and then all he
said was:

"I'll excuse you. You've been
drinkin'!"

The height of folly—five feet three
inches without her bonnet on.—Somer-
ville Journal.

John Maier's Hobby.

There are hobbies and then again
there are hobbies. Some wise men
always carry umbrellas, even when the
sun shines brightly. Others there are
who consider that without an equine
chestnut in some portion of their wear-
ing apparel they are in danger of
rheumatism; and there are many other
peculiar notions well known to every-
body, in which men will indulge them-
selves. But there is a man in this city
who has about the queerest hobby of
them all. He has had it for six years,
he still has it, and he proposes to con-
tinue having it. His name is John
Maier. He is of Teutonic extraction,
and he is a tailor, having an establish-
ment at No. 241 Wooster street.

Whenever he can he devotes his time
to catching butterflies. This is his
hobby. What does he do with them?
He simply chloroforms them and frames
them by thousands. About the walls
of his store are six such collections,
averaging about two and one-half feet
square.

Mr. Maier has certainly done some
wonderful work in the gratification of
his whim. Take any one of his col-
lections. It contains at least five hundred
butterflies, of all shapes, sizes, colors
and shades, and these are arranged in
circles and crosses, and all sorts of
figures. The largest or rarest are
placed in the center, and the lesser
lights radiate around them. All are
placed with wings outspread, perfect
specimens.

During the spring and summer
months Mr. Maier uses a net in collect-
ing specimens, and in the fall and win-
ter months he puts in his spare time
climbing trees and obtaining butterflies
in chrysalis form. To-day in his store
there is a regular butterfly hatchery.

He has fully two thousand cocoons.
These are divided according to their
size and are now resting peacefully in
shallow boxes about a foot square.
These boxes are supplied with covers
and in consequence act just as do incu-
bators, and scores of the chrysalides are
daily expanding into beautiful butter-
flies. Alive they float about the store
and sun themselves until Mr. Maier is
ready to put them to sleep.

To do this he has a novel arrange-
ment. This consists of two narrow
smoothed pieces of wood sloping toward
each other in a gentle angle, yet not
connecting, a sort of trough separating
them. The whole is about eighteen
inches long and the trough about half
an inch wide. The body of the cap-
tured butterfly is placed in the trough,
his wings are spread out on the sloping
wood on either side, and then the rest-
less little insect is sent on his long
journey to the hunting ground of but-
terflydom by the administration of just
a little chloroform. The wings are then
pinned to the wood to insure their hold-
ing their perfect form, and when the
arrangement is full of dead butterflies
it is relieved of its cargo and the pretty,
gauzy little fellows are tucked upon the
background of the coming addition to
the collection. Mr. Maier has been do-
ing this sort of thing for six years.—
New Haven Palladium.

A Queer Superstition.

A freak of nonsense not noticeable in
a little child becomes decidedly queer
in a grown-up girl—especially if it
makes her run after a man. A sample
of the small absurdities that people
half believe long after they know better
was witnessed the other day by a re-
porter of the Philadelphia Inquirer.

Two young women were sauntering
along Eighth street, when they became
separated by the crowd, and a tall man
passed rapidly between them. One of
the girls immediately started after him.
She didn't like to run, but his long
strides were fast taking him beyond her
reach.

"Mister!" she called, but mister didn't
hear her.

Then she broke into that peculiar
gait which passes for running among
her sex, and catching him by the arm,
breathlessly said:

"Oh mister! let me go around you,
won't you?"

And without waiting for permission
she went around in front of him to his
other side. Then she smiled.

"That's all," she said. "Thank you."
"But it isn't all," said the man; "why
did you want to go around me?"

"Why, you see, you went between
my friend and me, and that's a disap-
pointment, you know. So I ran after
you and went around you, so that it is
now just as if you didn't go between
us."